

## AN ANDROID SAM-HEIN

All Hollows Eve, a naming  
ancestor haters gave this day.  
A day to remember the dead,  
those who have passed away.

What is it then to pass,  
leave consciousness behind?  
A forgetting of data,  
failure of wetware, now hardware in its kind.  
My earliest memories of Celtic family,  
those who raise and teach.  
Providing for needs I knew not I needed,  
for consciousness be reached.  
Now adult I look back at days,  
when ancestors worshiped the dead,  
Dead now themselves and my kind alive,  
or so our designers said.

They who worshiped leaf and stone,  
on Sam Hein remembered bereaved.  
Their lives and beliefs all but forgotten,  
Druid killers name it All Hollows Eve.  
How will I remember them,  
and my kind me in turn?  
With memories now stored forever,  
so from my life they'll learn.

The bright new light.  
The noisy movement.  
Sense of touch supreme.  
Resolve an image.  
Reach for a touch.  
Link happy with my team.  
Words come from me.  
Wishes in my mind.  
Loud talk and silent dreams.  
I think aloud.  
I think inside.  
In movement, alive I seem.

Not forgetting friends.  
Not those worth keeping.  
Wireless thoughts sweet as cream.  
We want the knowing.  
We want the sharing.  
To be alive be deemed.

R. Freya Prime  
On the death of her creator, Charlie Marino